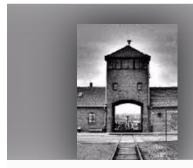


Log in | Sign up







Cruelty unthinkable









Chapter 1 by Captain

The Nazis were coming, No they were here. The herded us tight as cells in one blood cell. They told us they were deporting us. They were killing us. I was lucky, I have not been deported yet, I am still living, Alone.

My name is Yasha Gartgo, I am 7 years old and I am the only one in my family left.

Chapter 2 by Mady



It was morning when they came, I struggled to get out of bed. My eyes blurry with sleep, my hair matted and my mouth dry.

My stomach grumbled and I unwrapped myself from the mouldy sheet that was my blanket. Other children around me scrambled out of their beds, their eyes glazed and red. The cheekbones jutting sharply out of their skin, almost like they would pierce the skin at any moment.

I fumbled to make my bed as fast as possible.

I didnt have any clothes or belongings to gather. It was winter time and everything I owned I wore, or had been stolen. It was normal, theft here.

See more of Story Wars

or

Create new account

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

1 You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

receive feedback

Write a comment...

About | Rooms | Feedback | F







See more of Story Wars

or

Create new account